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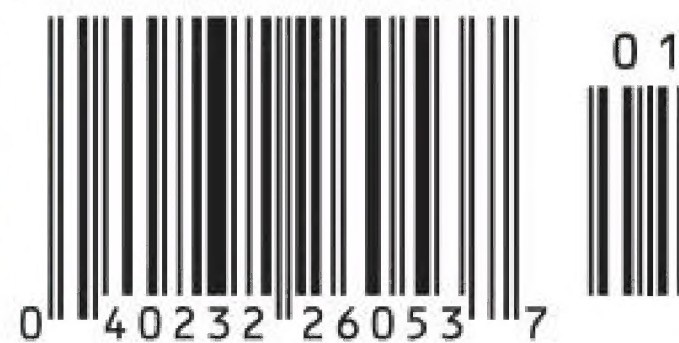
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MOUNTAIN HUNTER:

c/o GOABC, #103 - 19140 28th Avenue
Surrey, British Columbia Canada V3Z 6M3

Tel: (604) 541-6332 Fax: (604) 541-6339

E-mail: programs@goabc.org

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CRAIG SWEETMAN Consumer Marketing Director
BRENDA NELSON Content Quality Oversight



(403) 357-8414

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(867) 668-4118

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INSIDE THIS ISSUE



FEATURE STORY

Classic Goat Hunt in the Rockies

Armon Blair

ON THE COVER

Guide Troy Wolfenden of Beaverfoot
Outfitting with hunter Armon Blair



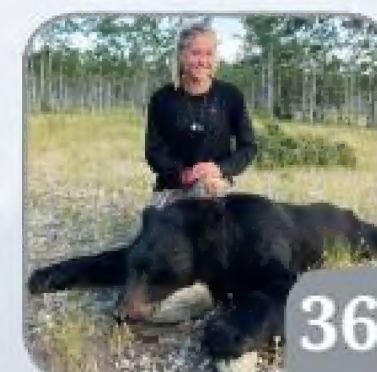
CRIBBAGE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Jim Nelson



SHIRAS BULLS NORTH OF THE BORDER

Gered De Hoogh



ANYTHING BOYS CAN DO...

Isabelle Colaiezzi



THE .30-30 BULL

Dave Fenn

DEPARTMENTS

2	GOABC President's Corner	44	Conservation Matters™
3	News & Views	56	Fair Chase Kitchen
6	Preferred Conservation Partners	60	A Different Perspective
26	Guides Gallery		

ADVERTISERS

A Bar Z Outfitters.....24	Grand Slam Club/Ovis.....58	Northwest Big Game Outfitters.....IBC
Ambler's Bighorn Country Guiding.....24	Gundahoo River Outfitters...10	Pelly Lake Wilderness Outfitters.....32
Arcadia Outfitting.....5	Habitat Conservation Trust Foundation33	Raven's Throat Outfitters....34
Ashnola Guide Outfitters.....34	Horst Mindermann (Remax).....42	Rocky Mountain High Outfitter and Guides.....33
Bar WK Ranch Outfitters.....9	Houston Safari Club.....18	Safari Club International....34
BC Trophy Mountain Outfitters.....24	Hunt Wild.....47	Scoop Lake Outfitters.....9
Beaverfoot Outfitting.....59	Inzana Outfitters.....OBC	Shadow Mountain Outfitters..41
Bonnet Plume Outfitters.....10	Kettle River Guides & Outfitters.....10	Sikanni River Outfitters.....32
Boone & Crockett Club.....42	Krieghoff International.....25	Silent Mountain Outfitters....48
Bugle Basin Outfitters.....59	Lancaster Family Hunting..IFC	SITKA Gear.....19
Cariboo Mountain Outfitters..10	Liard River Outfitters.....49	South Nahanni Outfitters.....32
Dallas Safari Club.....35	Mackenzie Mountain Outfitters.....5	Sports Afield.....43
Elk Valley Bighorn Outfitters.....5	McCowans Sporting Properties.....49	Stone Glacier.....48
Eureka Peak Lodge & Outfitters.....24	McGregor River Outfitters...32	Tuchodi River Outfitters.....48
Gana River Outfitters.....33	Mervyn's Yukon Outfitting...59	Wild Sheep Foundation.....11
GOABC - Who Cares BC?.....49		Yukon Big Game Outfitters.....25
GOABC.....59		

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Pursuing Stone sheep in British Columbia is known to be a hunt like no other. Stories of the Chadwick Ram and Borduex trail have permeated the fantasies of hunters for generations. A dream hunt for most, unattainable for many. In 2019 you could have chosen to support organizations who fight for your hunting rights, such as GOABC and the Alaska Professional Hunters Association (APHA), by purchasing a ticket in the epic Stone Cold Sheep Hunt raffle to turn your 1:500 odds into a hunt of a lifetime.

This past year was the first we partnered with APHA for a fundraiser of this nature and the lucky ticket was drawn December 6th at APHA's annual banquet and 50th anniversary celebration in Anchorage. With a stroke of luck, Blaine Kitzul of British Columbia's ticket was drawn, and he will be joining me and the Prophet Muskwa team for the adventure of a lifetime at Elisi Spa and Wilderness Retreat at Sleeping Chief later this year.

Partnering with APHA in this raffle proved to be an overwhelming success, one that we plan to repeat. Our joint venture reached far beyond the forces of our two organizations and we are especially grateful for the promotion provided by booking agents Outdoors International and Jack Atcheson & Sons, Inc., as well as the push from our good friends at the Wild Sheep Foundation. As with most things in life, we are stronger when we work together, and we value the support of all our partners in conservation, including all who purchased tickets.

Being in Anchorage to participate in this celebration and build relationships with our neighbors to the north was a fitting conclusion to another great year in outfitting. British Columbia outfitters enjoyed a strong season with countless successes. The directors of GOABC grew stronger and more effective thorough our governance and strategic planning work, our *Who Cares?* PR campaign gained excellent traction, and we made promising gains on many of our key files. I hope you can look back and appreciate the wins in your year too.

Wishing you and yours all the very best in 2020,

Sean



Sean Olmstead,
President, GOABC

Our Vision

A province with a strong and stable guide outfitting industry and abundant wildlife populations for all to enjoy, both today and in the future.

Our Mission

As passionate advocates for wildlife, the Guide Outfitters Association of British Columbia (GOABC) is the recognized voice of the guide outfitting family. With integrity and professionalism, GOABC promotes the conservation, stewardship and sustainable use of wildlife.

Wildlife **FIRST**™

NEWS & VIEWS

Many Voices, One Message

The GOABC *Who Cares?* PR initiative continues to gain momentum – thanks in large part to our good friends at Dallas Safari Club, Wild Sheep Foundation and Safari Club International – and you! We launch a new video every one-to-two weeks on Facebook, Instagram and the GOABC website and are grateful for your support. Please keep watching, engaging and sharing. It's working!

GOABC is just one of many organizations rolling out initiatives designed to slowly socialize a different perspective about hunting and its role in wildlife management. We have been thoroughly impressed by DSC productions such as *The Response*, and the engagement our friends at the Wild Sheep Society of BC are generating through their 1Campfire initiative. Those are just two of many that are changing the narrative; there are many powerful initiatives gaining traction throughout the world.

We believe that a cacophony of voices with a similar message will ultimately be more powerful than a single, very loud one. To this end, it is important that **all** hunters participate in this global initiative. We encourage you to look for ways to start conversations, in whatever part of the world you happen to reside. The size of your network does not matter – just start talking!

There are a variety of good resources available to help you start and manage the conversations to an impactful conclusion. Michael Sabbeth, a lawyer and consultant in Denver, Colorado writes in each issue of *Mountain Hunter*™ magazine, providing helpful tips in his *A Different Perspective* feature. Check out his ideas on page 60. Shane Mahoney's *Conservation Matters*™ feature on page 44 contains additional thought and conversation-provoking ideas.

Recently, *Sports Afield*'s article, *Explaining Ourselves*, highlighted the results of a study commissioned by the Colorado Wildlife Council. The study produced valuable insights into how to best connect with non-hunters on the topic of hunting.

The main take-away – the more of us initiating the conversations, the better. Let's work independently, yet together to get non-hunters talking about wildlife and the



Scott Ellis, Executive Director, GOABC

positive contributions that hunters make to conservation. Who cares? We do. And we bet you do too.

Read the full research report at: https://cpw.state.co.us/Documents/WildlifeCouncil/2019/February/WC_ExploratoryResearchReport_20-2019.pdf



WHO CARES?

About British Columbia's Wildlife





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NEWS & VIEWS



For those of us who are fortunate enough to outfit in the Mackenzie Mountains, another hunting season has come and gone. I am hearing that some areas had challenging weather, but overall it was another great year with many happy clients returning home with wonderful memories of their hunting experiences. In our area the weather was quite good—it was drier than normal with low water levels, but we got enough showers to keep the grass growing. We once again saw lots of big healthy lambs and it was the best year I have ever seen for horn growth on the caribou and moose.

Harold Grinde, President, Association of Mackenzie Mountain Outfitters

Have you ever noticed that on most hunting adventures there are unexpected challenges? Sometimes a real curve ball comes along and you are forced to change plans and make do in a totally unexpected situation. For example, every year we have clients show up without their luggage. This year we had an archery caribou hunter show up without his bow case. We were very fortunate that one of the guides had a bow in camp that fit him well enough that he was able to take a good bull with it. He made the best of a bad situation and it all worked out. Another hunter arrived with no duffel bag and no ammunition for his rifle. He had a good hunt using a borrowed rifle and borrowed clothes—including borrowed boots. Most camps will have extra clothes, raingear and even guns that you can use, but it is tough to borrow boots that fit well. Remember to wear your boots on the plane! You should also try to put your optics, special medications and as many essential items of clothing as you can in your carry-on bag. If you are travelling with two bags, split essential items between the bags. With any luck at all you will arrive with at least one bag and half of what you need. There is not a lot we can do to prevent our luggage getting lost, but we can be selective about which airlines to fly with, and which airports we route our trips through. Believe me, lots of lost luggage is not lost by accident—try to avoid Vancouver and Toronto. Air Canada is also not known for being hunter friendly. More and more of the airlines are choosing to not let hunters fly with trophies—that is their choice. It is your choice whether you choose to fly with those airlines! I wish you all the best on your next hunting adventure.



I've got friends in low places... Often post-hunting season, and before hunting show season begins, an impromptu gathering occurs... somewhere. Someone's roadhouse, shop, cabin, hangar or rigging shed – anywhere warm, with a BBQ, and maybe a fridge close by! Mountain crew of guides, pilots, wranglers, and trappers begin to mysteriously arrive along with some neighbors, business associates and friends who have been unintentionally neglected since the pre-season got busy.

After the heavy lifting is done, fermented beverages appear. The conversation meanders; babies, climate change, guns, trucks, weddings, aircraft, best horse, best dog, close calls, and crazy encounters with wild things, to name a few. Outfitters seem to have friends from diverse social circles, often not big on social graces. The BBQ gets fired up and gourmet-grilled-beast-scent begins to fill the air.

At some point, during the quieter moments of the feasting, someone speaks of “progress” on a new road and I feel the familiar twinge and the thought of what the cost of “progress” will be to those of us who hunt. A wilderness less wild? Who considered the implications of “progress” on wildlife and habitat? Who chose to make the inevitable trade-off? Who's in charge of wildlife? Should they be?

With the feast cleanup concluded, and the firebox filled as much as the belly, some of these more complex issues drift off to a place that might not be so pressing after all. However, within the Yukon Outfitters Association, and together with our partners in conservation, we continue to work hard to ensure conservation concerns are heard and subsequently addressed in an informed manner.

The hunting and the wilderness in the Yukon continue to remain a truly remarkable experience. We sincerely hope you can make the time and come up for an adventure.

Shoot straight and happy trails.

Mackenzie Mountain Outfitters

Stan Stevens

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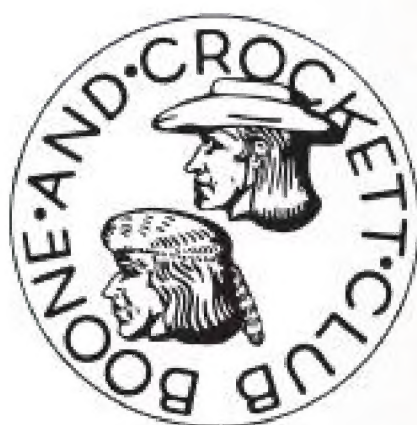


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WILD SHEEP FOUNDATION

WSF Directs \$500,000+ CDN to British Columbia This Year!

As the world's foremost wild sheep conservation organization, the Wild Sheep Foundation (WSF) recently committed more than \$500,000 CDN to British Columbia wild sheep conservation and sustainable-use education programs for the 2019-2020 fiscal year.

Of all regions worldwide that WSF supports with conservation funding and Grant-In-Aid, British Columbia has received more WSF funding than any other jurisdiction. Since our founding in 1977, WSF has raised and directed more than \$2.65 Million (USD) to BC wild sheep restoration and other wildlife and habitat conservation and another \$1.35 Million (USD) to projects and campaigns promoting the sustainable use of wildlife promoted or supported by GOABC and benefiting its provincial affiliates and partners.

For the July 1, 2019 through June 30, 2020 fiscal year, the WSF board approved more than \$200,000 (USD) to two major BC campaigns supporting the "...educating the general public on sustainable use and the conservation

benefits of hunting" components of our mission. These include the WSF 1Campfire initiative conceived by our affiliate Wild Sheep Society of BC and the GOABC *Who Cares?* campaigns.

Planned industry support grants to GOABC and its regional affiliates, as well as anticipated contributions to the Habitat Conservation Trust Foundation, round out the more than \$500,000 CDN funding approved for the province this year.

Gray N. Thornton, President & CEO

DALLAS SAFARI CLUB

Recent and Upcoming Events

DSC has been active in the last few months, as always, advocating for hunters at local, national and international levels, promoting sustainable use as a viable conservation tool, and acting as the touchstone for hunters to gather for volunteer projects, camaraderie, and fundraising. Here are just some of the activities in recent months.

- *Heritage* kicks off the hunting show season in January in Dallas. If you haven't joined us, you really should so you can experience the Texas hospitality of our volunteer army,

the world's best outfitters and exhibitors, and the exciting auctions and programs every evening. The DSC Convention and Sporting Expo is January 9-12, 2020.

- A group of dedicated volunteers made a semi-annual pilgrimage to the Wild West - to the Big Bend region of Texas, more specifically. There, on the El Carmen Ranch, the group of about 30 volunteers built two guzzlers that provide collected rainwater for all arid land species, especially the Desert Bighorn sheep. These sheep are making a comeback, thanks to projects like this and research funded by DSC and DSC Foundation.
- The DSC chapter network is growing – the newest chapter is DSC Georgia. Not wasting any time, they held their first banquet in November. We anticipate adding more chapters in the future.
- All 12 chapters of DSC have banquets in the works. Visit www.biggame.org/chapters for the schedule and more information.
- DSC Foundation launched a media campaign designed to present the truth about sustainable use and its importance to the conservation of wildlife and its habitat, especially



Guide Outfitters
Association of British Columbia

Wildlife First

CONSERVATION PARTNERS

the importance of listening to and encouraging local and national governments' management of their wildlife and natural resources. "The Unheard Voice" is an award-winning video in this series. View this incredible, powerful statement about conservation, hunting and wildlife from the African's point of view on the DSC Foundation website (www.dscf.org), Facebook or Instagram

Corey Mason, Executive Director

GRAND SLAM CLUB/OVIS

Wildlife Conservationist?

In the Fall 2019 issue of GOABC's *Mountain Hunter*™ magazine, there appeared a passage ending with the sentence, "As anti-hunting pressure becomes louder, it becomes increasingly important to continue and enhance the legacy of the hunter-conservationist."

The legacy of the hunter-conservationist...what a profound statement! And the more I thought about it, the more I began to wonder, "what is the legacy of the hunter-conservationist?" And more to the point, "when my hunting days are over what will be my legacy as a hunter-conservationist?"

I have been blessed to have had the

opportunity to hunt the world's big game animals in all four corners of the globe. From Africa's Big Five, to the Ovis World Slam, to the Capra Slam, to the North American 29, to the Grand Slam of Sheep, I have been privileged to experience hunting the world's most renowned big game. And in most instances, I have donated the game harvested to the local community, providing valuable subsistence for the often-impoorished residents.

Does that make me a hunter-conservationist? Are all hunters *hunter-conservationists*? Frankly, I don't know.

But I do know if it were not for hunters, many wildlife species such as the mountain sheep, elk and even whitetail that were once endangered, would not now be thriving throughout North America.

Programs like the Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Act, more commonly known as the Pittman-Robertson Program, placed an excise tax on the sale of firearms and ammunition which in turn has raised tens of billions of dollars to preserve wildlife and its habitat, while state licenses and fees provide more than \$800 million annually for critical conservation projects. I realize that every time I purchase my

hunting license or big game tag or buy a box of ammunition, a portion of my purchase goes to fund important conservation initiatives.

Does that make me a hunter-conservationist? Again, I'm not sure.

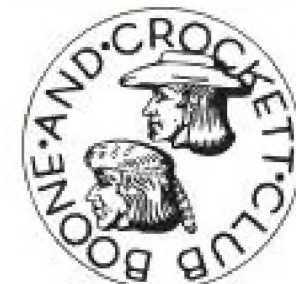
As executive director and a member of the board of directors of the Grand Slam Club Ovis (GSCO), I am very much involved in GSCO's conservation programs. And, as you may know, the collective efforts of organizations such as GSCO, DSC, SCI, RMEF, WSF and DU annually raise nearly \$500 million for conservation.

I suspect in the global sense, I could take comfort in knowing I am doing my part to preserve wildlife and its habitat. But is it enough?

Truth be told, it will never be enough. As hunter-conservationists, our legacies will be written in the perpetuation of wildlife populations and their habitat for generations to come.

We cannot allow ourselves to forget or become complacent in our unyielding responsibility to safeguard the world's wildlife. Certainly, the excise taxes and license fees will continue to generate critical funding for conservation. But we can do more by supporting organizations such as GSCO, DSC, SCI,

PREFERRED CONSERVATION PARTNERS



RMEF, WSF and DU by taking advantage of the generous donations made by the world's best outfitters offered at their annual conventions. Remember, it's not about a getting a buy. Rather, it's about raising critical dollars for conservation. It's about "enhancing the legacy of the hunter-conservationist."

Mark Hampton, Executive Director

BOONE & CROCKETT

The Choir

If you've been a part of the hunter and conservation advocacy debate for any length of time, undoubtedly you've heard the saying, "we've got to stop preaching to the choir." It's an old one that simply means, to change things up we need to quit talking to each other and speak to those outside our ranks that are unfamiliar with who we are, what we do, why we do what we do, and to what benefit. Of course this means those who do not hunt yet have a significant influence on the future of hunting.

Seems like a lot of people these days agree with this notion, mainly out of frustration over a slew of happenings that are tearing a hole in the fabric of our hunting traditions, and worse, unraveling proven successful wildlife and habitat management programs. The question is, what to say?

We know science is the foundation of wildlife and ecosystem management, but science doesn't seem to matter. We can talk about all the money sportsmen have poured in and continue to pour into these institutions for the greater good, but this doesn't seem to matter either. We are doing a better job talking about family, life lessons learned through hunting, good citizenship, our ethics, and acquiring healthy, organically grown and humanely harvested renewable protein to feed ourselves, family and neighbors. This seems to be thawing some of the ice, but is it enough?

One approach we haven't tried is talking about the consequences,

a.k.a the inconvenient truths. There are consequences to every action or inaction. Those opposed to hunting, or thinking they might be, should be aware of a few things. The system we have in North America to watch over, manage and allocate wildlife is based on a proven list of principles that have established the best self-funding, decentralized system to optimally manage for healthy and abundant wildlife. Wildlife would unquestionably be less safe without it, or a watered-down version of it.

"I don't like how this goes," or, "I don't like the fact that you kill animals," isn't good enough. Our wildlife demands and deserves better. Truth is, there has not been a replacement proposed for the North American Model of Wildlife Conservation by the "I don't likes" or casual observers because there isn't one. We can only hope we all don't learn this lesson of consequences the hard way. At a minimum, our community should all be singing from the same hymnal.

Keith Balfour, Director of Marketing

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Classic Goat Hunt in the Rockies

I have had the desire to hunt mountain goats since I was a teenager reading Outdoor Life magazine. Goats have always intrigued me because of their beauty and the country they inhabit as well as the physical demands of hunting them. I was fortunate enough to book my hunt with Beaverfoot Outfitting and even more fortunate to have Troy Wolfenden as my guide.



Story by Armon Blair



I have lived my entire life at 2 meters above sea level in Florida in the southeast United States and so felt some trepidation about my ability to perform physically on a hunt of this kind. I was in good shape but still had my reservations. There was no way to prepare for the altitude that I was sure to encounter on the hunt.

The first five days we experienced horrible weather. On all but one of those days we were unable to do anything more than sit in the truck and stare at the fog that blanketed our surroundings. There was no way to locate any goats to even consider stalking.

Day two was the one good one of those five days. It started off foggy but the weather broke and Troy located a single goat bedded at the end of a valley, several miles away. We hiked up the valley to get within proximity. Once there, Troy felt the goat was approachable, so we started up, climbing up through loose rock then snow before we arrived at a narrow chute. It had snowed the previous day and there was water flowing, creating a waterfall. Troy's plan was to climb up through this chute to the goat. I looked at the vertical slippery rocks disgorging a small river. I was already sweating underneath my clothes and freezing on the outside. I had my backpack on with my bow lashed to it. I was intimidated. I couldn't imagine myself climbing up into the face of a waterfall with all my gear and not falling or freezing. I didn't think I could do it. I looked at Troy and shook my head. He was gracious and suggested that we hike around the base of the outcropping and approach from the other side. We did that and got to another area of slippery vertical rocks. Again, I was doubtful of my ability to ascend and Troy offered to have a look while I waited. As I sat there waiting for him, I looked down upon a crystal-clear high-country lake and up at rock peaks dusted with snow, feeling the awe that big country always inspires in me. Yet, at the same time I was mentally crushed. Here I was, on a hunt that I had looked forward to for years and was unable to make the climb to the goat. I reminded myself that other people had done this same thing and that I could if they could.

Troy returned with the news that the goat was gone. I'm fairly certain that it had been the rattle of my knees knocking that had spooked him.

Bad weather persisted for a couple more days. Gabe Piselli from Philadelphia and his guide Warren Wolfenden were in camp with us, and we spent the time in the truck telling stories. The weather was supposed to improve for two days then deteriorate again. Gabe and I both decided that, despite originally planning to hunt by bow, we would carry rifles since half of our hunt was gone and the weather window was short.

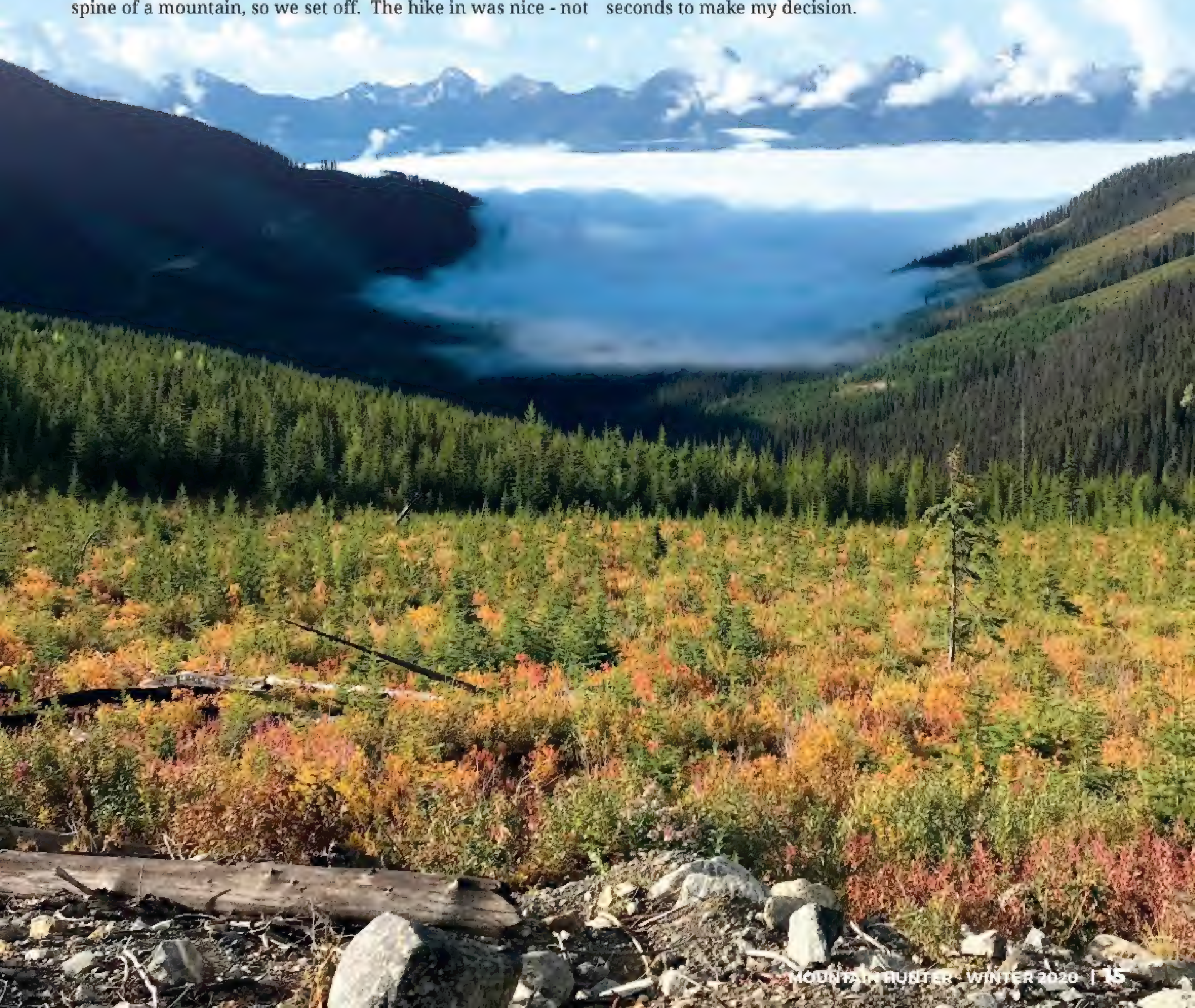
The first day of good weather we hiked up another valley where Troy had a cabin. The hike was good for me as it gave me confidence that I could do this. And my body needed the

exercise. Between Suzette and Troy's wife Claire cooking for us my pants were getting tight! We hiked up past the cabin and saw no goats so headed down. Gabe and Warren had gone elsewhere that day and shot a nice billy, so we were all excited. They had seen eight or nine goats in total and the one they shot was not in that group so Troy decided we would hunt there the next morning. I was hopeful it would be my turn.

The next day was beautiful – clear and cool as we hiked in, stopping to glass for goats along the way. I must pause here and praise Troy. He always spotted any goats we saw first. When we were climbing, he would patiently coach me – where to step; how to place my feet and trust my boots; how to lean and how to stop sliding. To keep me humble he counted how many times I fell each day. He could also read the terrain the goats were in from miles away and determine if they were approachable. Troy spotted two goats on the spine of a mountain, so we set off. The hike in was nice - not

too steep on a good trail. Troy decided we would ascend via an old avalanche chute. The distances and the time it took to cover it in this country astounded me. Despite looking pretty close to me, Troy said it would take two to three hours. Of course, he was correct...

As we ascended the footing became more difficult. The vegetation gave way to loose rocks. When we got high enough that snow covered the rocks, climbing became easier. We hiked down the spine of the mountain below its crest searching for the goats. They were not where we had seen them from down below earlier in the morning. Troy peeked over the top and there they were, bedded on the other side of the spine on a ledge – two billies. After assessing the terrain and their location, Troy looked at me and stated that they weren't in a great place, but it was doable. It was now eight days into my hunt, and we were finally close to a mountain goat with the weather likely to deteriorate the next day. It took me only seconds to make my decision.



Troy picked out the larger of the two billies and ranged him at 109 meters. He was bedded precariously close to the edge of a ledge and was looking away into space. He presented a quartering away shot. If I shot and he rolled, I feared that he would fall into the abyss – if I squinted, I could see the tree line far below. The rifle Troy had supplied had a great scope, so I centered the crosshairs between the shoulder blades and shot. The goat rolled slightly. I heard Troy advise to shoot again so I took a second shot. The billy didn't budge. We observed him for several minutes to ensure he was dead. To my amazement the other goat – bedded only 20 meters away – never even moved, just remained staring into the distance.

I was excited and couldn't wait to get down to see and touch the goat I'd shot. So excited that I don't remember the climb down. The goat was incredible. He was larger than I had visualized, with a beautiful white coat – broad chested and stout. His leg shanks were classic mountain goat. He was an amazing animal in rugged, beautiful country. The animal and its habitat were a perfect fit.

While taking pictures Troy chastised me to try to appear happy. I certainly felt elated, yet as I surveyed my surroundings, I began to feel apprehensive about our descent. But first, the skinning process. Troy skinned while I boned out the meat and in quick order we were finished. A golden eagle circled patiently above, waiting for us to abandon the carcass. Multiple avalanches added to the moment, sounding like jets passing over as the snow rumbled downhill.

Once the skinning was complete, we began our descent. Troy would study the terrain and our options, then formulate a plan. Whenever he used the phrase, "you won't be happy about this" I cringed. I was definitely out of my comfort zone. To keep from having to look down the mountain, I would focus on Troy's footprints and put my feet in them. At one point, he offered to carry my pack and, as embarrassing as it is, I consented. He would shoulder my pack and I would follow him for a short distance. Then my intrepid guide would leave me with my pack and retrace our steps back up to his pack and repeat the process. My respect for him only increased. Once we were below the serious rocks there was some vegetation which gave me comfort as I could measure our downward progress. It was still steep, and I kept Troy occupied counting my falls. I was slightly concerned about getting down before dark as it was late in the day and I dreaded the prospect of descending in the dark. We cliffed-out at one point but, as with all other challenges we'd encountered, Troy navigated us through that easily. Once we descended into the timber, I knew we were home free. The walk back to the truck along the trail felt easy and when we dropped our full packs at the truck the feeling of accomplishment was overwhelming.

Troy and Warren were the epitome of professional. They had great attitudes and never quit. They hunt hard in incredibly tough country without complaint. They were patient, helpful and respectful. I made lifelong memories and friends on this hunt.

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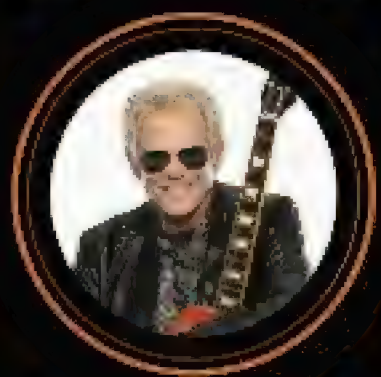
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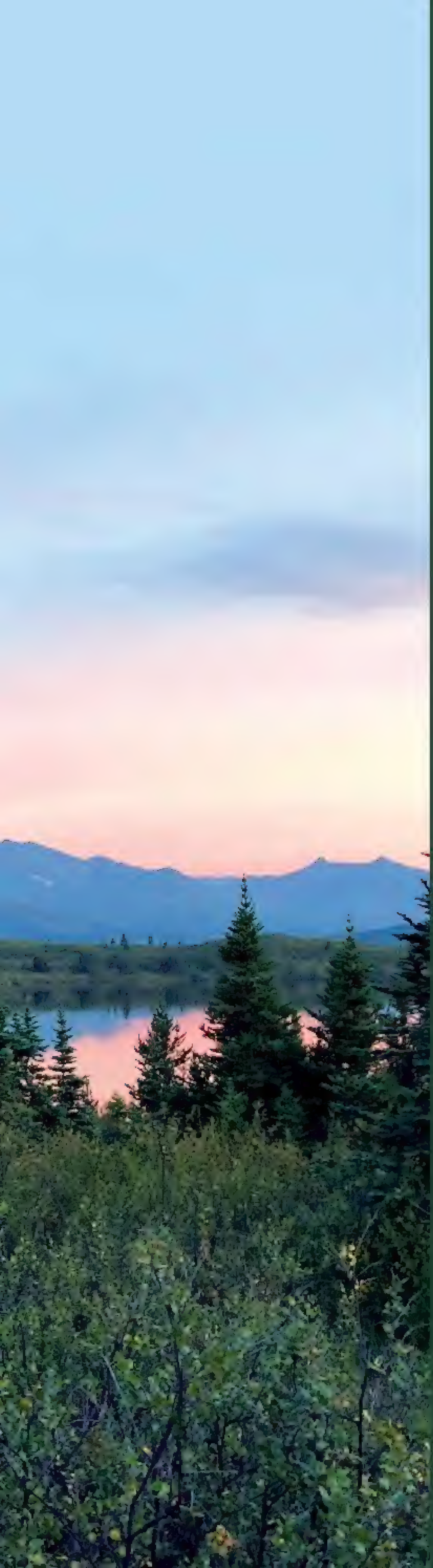
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ON THE MOUNTAIN

by Jim Nelson



When we decided to hunt caribou, moose, black bear and wolf in British Columbia again in August of 2018, we never dreamed that our trip would involve forest fires.



Ron Fleming and Brenda Nelson from Love Bros & Lee were waiting for us at camp. This was my and my son Connor's second hunt with them after first meeting them several years prior at the Dallas Safari Club show. My last name is Nelson and my wife's is Fleming, so it was fate that took us to their booth at the DSC show. We just knew we were meant to hunt together. During our first trip, my son shot a terrific moose and we both harvested magnificent mountain goats.

When we decided to hunt caribou, moose, black bear and wolf in British Columbia again in August of 2018, we never dreamed that our trip would involve forest fires. Flights from Vancouver to some northern cities were cancelled. Fortunately, our flight to Smithers took off only a little bit later than scheduled. After landing, we ate a quick dinner at the Hudson Bay Hotel then crashed for the night.

At breakfast the next morning, we met several groups of firefighters from across Canada. They told us about the large number of fires in the area. All were south of our hunting area, but the smoke was a problem throughout the province. Later, on our flight into hunting camp, we saw smoke and fires for about half the way there.

Landing on the lake and seeing Ron and Brenda waving to us from the shore, we knew it would be another memorable adventure for us. After unloading the plane, we worked at getting settled. Our tent was no more than 20 feet from the cabin, but even closer to us was a tree covered in grizzly hair. A bear had been using the tree as a scratching post. As you can imagine that caught our attention!

Later that day we headed out to glass for game. It was unseasonably hot, and the air was hazy because of the wildfires. The only benefit of the smoke was the amazing sunsets. We spent hours in the late evening glassing under the reddest sky I had ever seen. I won two games of cribbage that night from Ron.

The next day was also unseasonably warm, with temperatures in the mid 80s. We saw nothing that day as the smoke made spotting almost impossible and high temperatures kept the animals in heavy cover. We had another go at cribbage...taking one game apiece that night.

Our third day in camp was just plain hot; it might have hit 90. Connor and I split up that morning and went with our guides in different directions. Unfortunately, that did not change our luck, and neither of us spotted anything. Late that afternoon, after spending time in camp, we headed out again. This time Brenda and I spotted a grizzly on the far side of the valley. Ron spotted a bull on the ridgeline across from camp. The cribbage games swung in my favor that night: two wins against Ron.

Throughout the remainder of our week, the weather was consistent; cool and rainy in the morning, followed by sun and warm temperatures in the middle of the day, ending with rain and cooler temps in the evening. We spent hours each day glassing for animals and using my portable cribbage board to while away the time. We celebrated Ron's 68th birthday...I let him win a couple of cribbage games.

The next day we saw several caribou, including some bulls that we thought might be legal. BC rules are that the caribou must have at least six points on one side; unfortunately, none of these qualified. We enjoyed watching them for over an hour until they fed out of sight.

That evening I was in my tent when I heard a strange sound from just

outside the tent. It sounded like a great big bird flapping its wings along with some louder heavy breathing noises. Going to investigate, I stepped out of the tent and heard something splashing in the lake. Connor, Ron and I ran down to the lake with our guns, arriving just in time to see a caribou cow and calf swimming the lake. They must have run within 10' of our tent. That night my luck returned, and I won all three games of cribbage.

In the morning, visibility was good, and the temperature hovered in the high 40s to low 50s...much better hunting conditions. Taking advantage, we headed across the valley and up the mountain across from camp to where we had seen the three bull caribou. Almost at the top of the mountain, we spotted a moose, but within a few seconds, it disappeared. It is amazing how quickly an animal that large can vanish. We spent several hours glassing to try to figure out where it had gone without any luck. Ron thought it was bigger than the largest moose they had shot the previous year. I know for the rest of my life I will be dreaming of that massive bull moose.

In addition, I saw my first marmot. It is hard to describe the high-pitch whistling noise they make, and after reading about them in so many Louis L'Amour books, it was great to actually hear them. The cribbage count that night: one win for Ron, two for me.

The next day we went to spot in the big meadow. We saw three caribou, but nothing legal. Back at the camp, we watched the same three caribou, as well as four wolves and a grizzly bear. Ron said watching them was better than a Disney movie.

That evening we headed out of camp at about 5:00 p.m. As we were motoring across the lake, Connor spotted a nice caribou bull. We began glassing to determine if it was legal, and we could see that it had five points on top on one side but could not see if it had the back hooks that would make it legal before it headed into the timber. We continued across the lake to our spotting area.

I walked about fifty yards away from Connor and Ron and noticed another caribou on top of the mountain. Without a spotting scope, I couldn't tell what it was. My attention was on the caribou, so I didn't see Connor frantically trying to get my attention. Finally, I clicked in to realize that he and Ron had determined the caribou we had seen as we crossed the lake was a legal bull. Together we jumped back in the boat and crossed the lake. On land and using a balsam clump as cover, we were able to cut the distance to 208 yards. Ron set up the tripod and we waited and waited for Connor's shot, but nothing happened. Finally, Ron realized the tripod was set too high so Connor wasn't able to get steady enough to make the shot. Ron adjusted the tripod, but by now, the caribou was moving. As it was quartering away from us, just before it moved behind a balsam, Connor shot. The bull buckled but did not go down. A follow-up shot brought it down. It had five

points on one side, six on the other, with long eye guards, back hooks, long bez and double shovels. The color was beautiful and the feel of the coat amazing – a magnificent caribou.

The following day was windy, cloudy, and rainy with temperatures in the 40s – great hunting weather again. Brenda and I spent two hours glassing and saw two bulls on top of the mountain. They had decent mass, height and spread but were too far away for us to count the points. Ron saw one small bull from camp. Later in the day, a cow was spotted by the lake and another two were seen on the mountain. It was a great day for seeing caribou, just not a great day for shooting one.

The next morning Brenda and I headed in one direction to spot while Ron and Connor headed in another. We saw seven bulls and four cows that day. Unfortunately, we couldn't get close enough for a shot. The cribbage count continued, with an additional two wins for me, none for Ron.

It continued to sprinkle the next day, and there was snow on the mountains around us. It was a frustrating day with no decent sightings.

On our final day of hunting the sun came out and we moved to a new spot at the top of the mountain behind the camp. We spent two hours climbing into position. Then it got fun.

We were on a huge open grass flat with three rocky points, which afforded a great view of the surrounding area. There is no way to describe the feeling you get when you can look in every direction and not see a building, road, or any other man-made structure. The remoteness is almost overwhelming. I spotted a cow to our south, and within seconds Connor spotted a herd of about 10 to our west. Unfortunately, they all turned out to be cows or calves. We moved to the next rocky point and saw several more cows.



The group started to move away, so Ron stood up and started to whistle and rock his arms back and forth. One of the cows looked at Ron, and its curiosity became too much for it. It ran right at us from about 500 yards away, closing to within 50 yards before stopping to stare at Ron. She slowly began to circle our position, but even when she was downwind of us, she didn't seem to be concerned. After about ten minutes, she just walked away.

Just at that moment, Connor looked in the other direction and whispered that a bull was headed our way. Ron grabbed the scope, but the bull dropped down into a dip before he could get on it. Suddenly it reappeared just 30 yards from us! I was in a prone position, waiting to hear the right words, and kept asking Ron if it was legal. Unfortunately, although the bull had 4" to 6" back hooks it only had four points on top. It was a nice young bull – the rack was tall, the bez had several points, the shovels were good, and it was perfectly symmetrical – it just wasn't legal.

We sat a while longer and spotted some more cows. All told, that day we spotted about 15 to 20 caribou as well as a dozen or so ptarmigan. When we arrived back at camp that evening my phone had recorded a walk of about seven miles and an elevation climb of about 700 feet. I'm still amazed that Ron was able to whistle in that caribou. He has so many talents;

unfortunately for him, cribbage is not one of them.

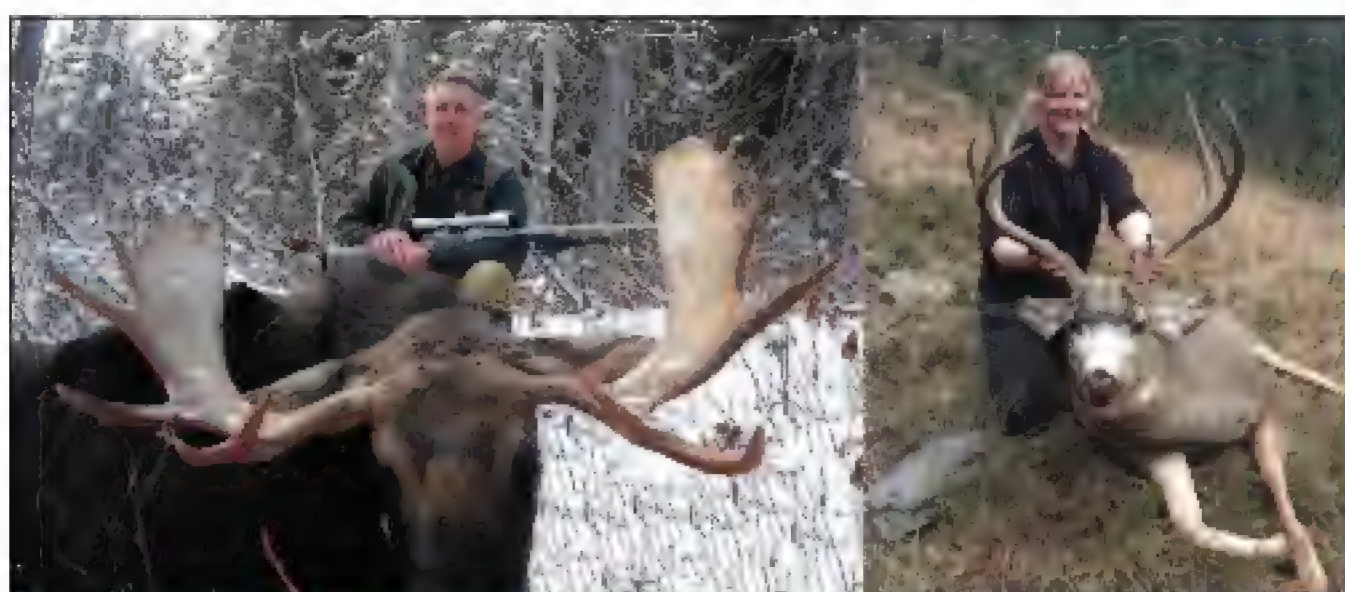
The next morning brought rain with some snow and colder temperatures. The mountains around the camp were covered in snow. Our plane had been scheduled to pick us up at 10:00 a.m. but the weather had both Smithers and our camp socked in. We called every hour to check on the status of the plane. Finally, at 2:00 p.m. they decided we were not getting out that day. We went out to spot in the evening but didn't see anything. I won another cribbage game from Ron, and then we played four handed. Brenda and I won our ninth game, versus Connor and Ron's two.

In the morning, we woke to blue skies. Perfect flying weather! We dropped Ron and Brenda at their camp on Kitchener Lake and said our goodbyes. While I would have loved to have shot a nice caribou, it was a great trip – and much more important to spend time with my son and to renew the friendship with Ron and Brenda. And win a few games of crib.

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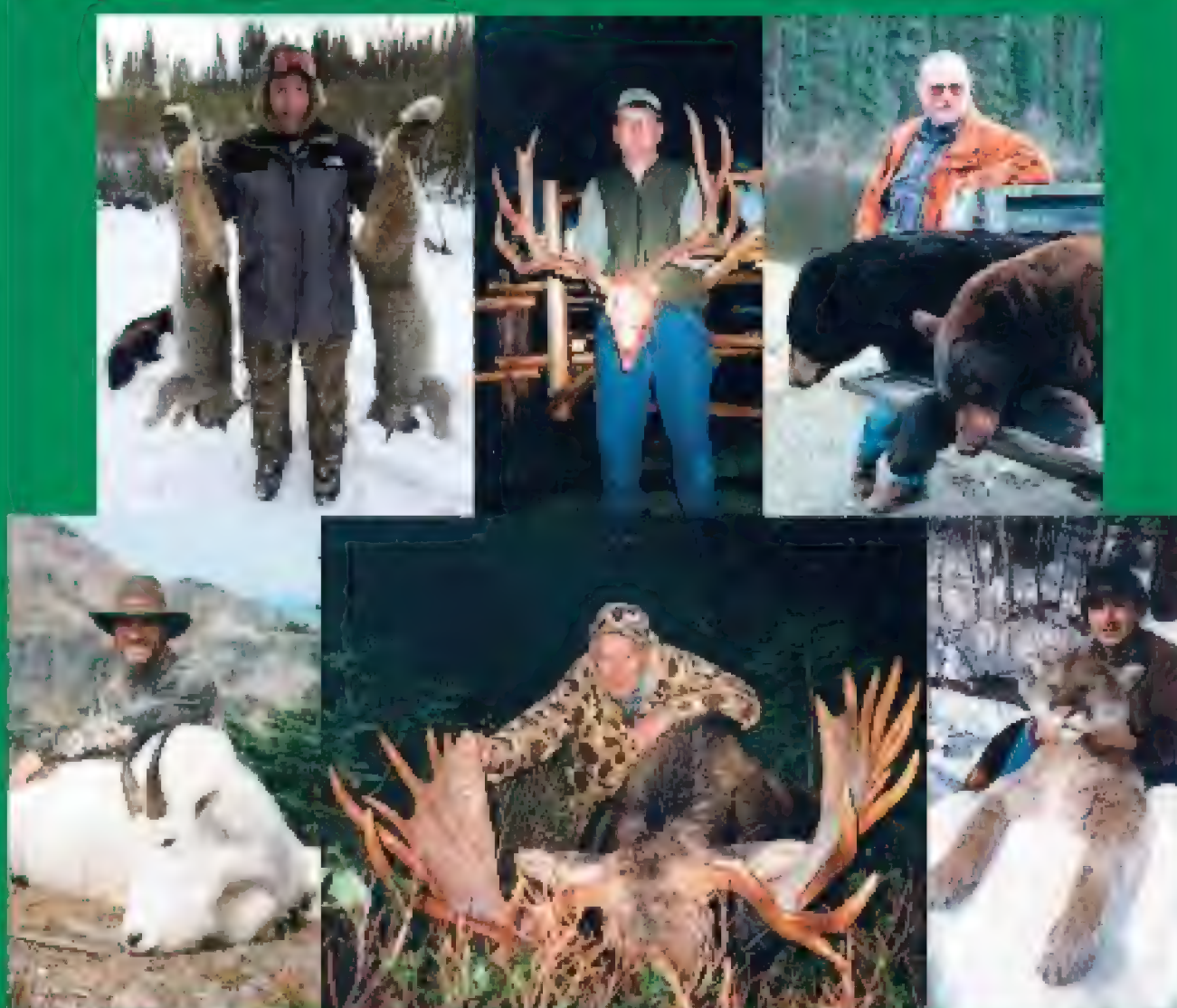
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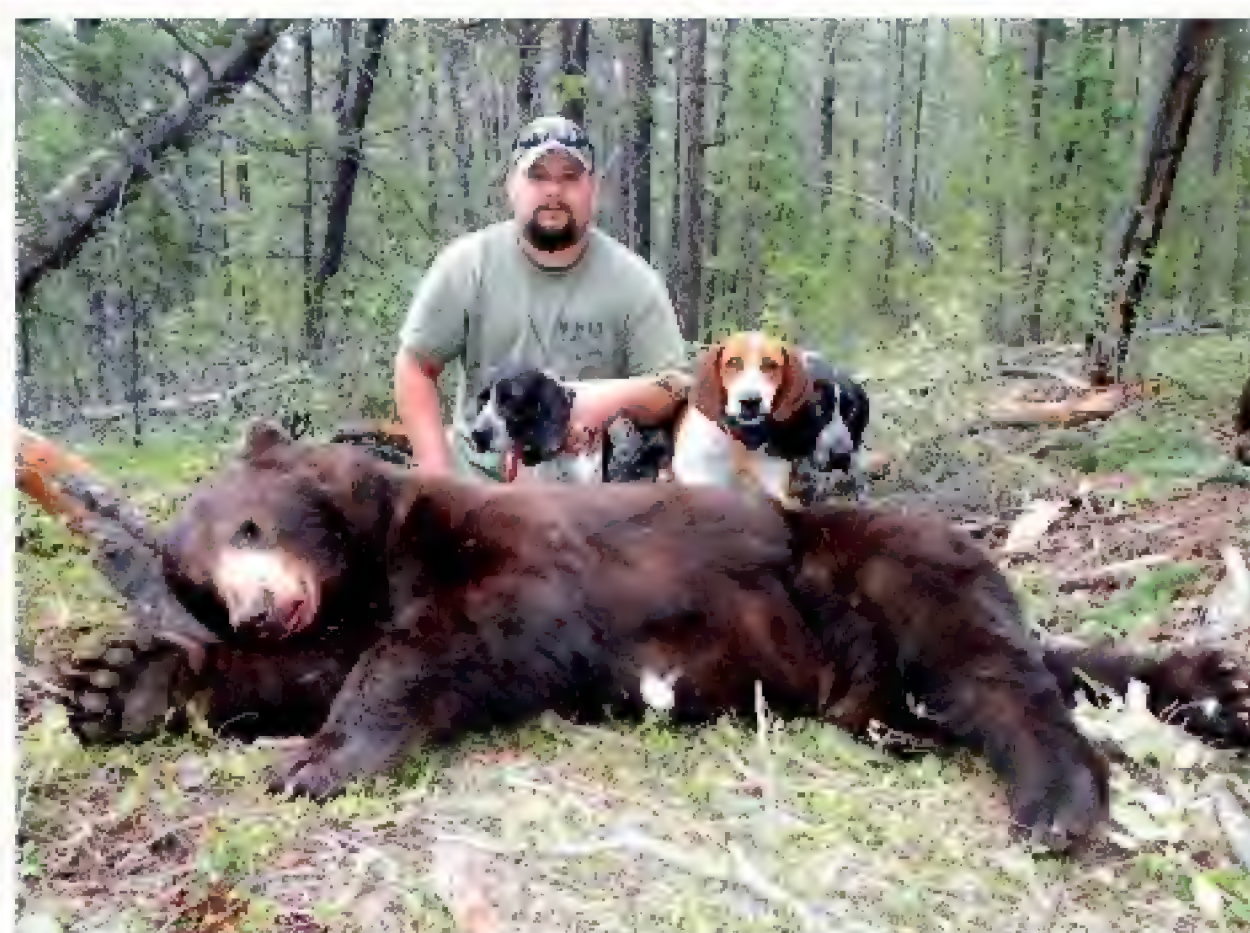
Outfitter Love Bros. & Lee guided Ken Ide of Michigan to this moose.



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SHIRAS BULLS NORTH OF THE BORDER

by Gered De Hoogh

As they moved along, Ken spotted a bull up on the ridge about 175 yards out. He was just standing there majestically, larger than life. Immediately they could see that this was the bull they wanted.

It was January of 2016 when I first approached my brother about joining me on a moose hunt. It was a hunt I had been thinking about for some time. My uncle, David Kidder, who lives in Michigan and is owner of Kidder Safari Co., had been in contact with me about this and he knew what I was after. He had been sending clients to Ken Robbins of Whatshan Outfitters for 30-plus years and assured me that if anybody could get my brother and me on good Shiras bulls, it was Ken.

My brother Evan was all in, so we booked a hunt for October of 2018. The next year and a half passed quickly. We spent the summer preparing and dialing in our rifles, then – just like that – it was time to head west. We loaded the truck with all our gear, coolers and freezers, and headed out on the 24-hour drive to southern British Columbia.

We met up with Ken and after getting a few supplies, followed him out to camp where we unloaded our gear and settled in our cabins. The setting was gorgeous. Our cabins were right next to Whatshan Lake. We were even able to do a little fishing that afternoon and caught a trout big enough for supper.

That night we stoked the fire in the cabin's stove and tried to get some sleep. As usual on the first night of an adventure, sleep didn't come easily. Yet, morning came early, and we

were eager to get started, jumping out of bed to dress and load our daypacks. We met up with Ken and another guide in the cook shack where we discussed our plans for the day over a good breakfast.

Before the sun was up, we were on our way up the mountain. I was hunting with Ken and Evan went with another veteran guide. The strategy was to get to the logging clear cuts, glass and still-hunt through when possible. Ken and I arrived at a cut he wanted to check out. This was a cut we couldn't glass so we just eased in quietly to see if there was anything out feeding. Not long after we started hiking through, we heard the familiar sound of antlers raking the trees. We knew there was a bull nearby, but we couldn't yet see anything.

We decided to gain some elevation and see if we could get above the bull. There he was! His big white paddles shining above his head and looking right towards us. At that point there was no shot, so we continued to move higher in hopes of finding a better line of sight through the young pines. As we moved, he must have heard us – we could see he was trying to give us the slip and head out below where we were. I quickly got set up for a shot. He was about 180 yards out and moving downhill at a pretty good pace. He slipped through the first opening before I could get on him. He entered another

small opening and this time I was ready. Without hesitation I squeezed the trigger. After the shot, I thought I saw his head go down, then disappear. Not hearing anything crashing away we felt confident it was a good hit. We circled below and there he was, piled up not 10 yards from where he'd been shot.

What a feeling and what a beast of an animal! It took the rest of the morning and part of the afternoon to pack him out. I was unable to contact Evan to tell him the news because of poor cell signal. Back at camp we hung the meat and waited for my brother to return.

Finally, after dark, Evan and his guide returned. I don't think they knew what to think seeing my antlers sitting on the picnic table. They couldn't believe how blessed we were to have been able to find a good bull on the first day!

Over the next two days Evan and his guide continued to search for another good bull. Ken and I were out glassing and looking too. We spotted one bull but it was not what they were looking for. On day four of our eight-day hunt, Ken said we would switch things up a bit. Ken would take Evan out and I would go to check out some different areas with the other guide. Ken seemed to have a honey hole he wanted to visit, which got Evan and I excited with new hope. Little did we know, Ken was taking Evan to the very same spot where I had killed my bull three days earlier.

Evan and Ken arrived at the cut before daybreak. Once it was light enough to shoot, they eased their way into the clear cut. This particular cut was not new and not clear. There were many young pines and alders that made it particularly thick. As they moved along, Ken spotted a bull up on the ridge about 175 yards out. He was just standing there majestically, larger than life. Immediately they could see that this was the bull they wanted. Evan ranged him and got steadied on the shooting sticks. His crosshairs settled behind the shoulder of the bull and he carefully squeezed the trigger – a perfect hit!

The bull started to move off and Evan took one more shot for assurance and the bull disappeared. They went to see what they could find, arriving at the spot where they'd last seen the bull but couldn't find anything. This made Evan very nervous and the doubts started to creep in. They circled and circled and, after inadvertently walking right past a few times, there he was! Celebration, hugs and high fives followed. Finally, Evan was able to place his hands on his very first bull moose. What a feeling of relief and success.

Meanwhile, we had just returned to camp for the day. We hadn't had cell service the entire day, but when we reached camp I just had to know if Evan had any luck for the day. I went to a spot where we had gotten a decent signal and, boom! My phone lit up with a picture of Evan behind his bull! In



that moment I felt so much gratitude and thankfulness. As much as I had wanted to get my first bull, I think I wanted my brother to get his even more. When they got back to camp it was a time of stories, relaxation and fun.

As my love for hunting and the outdoors continues to grow, I find that at the end of each hunt, it's not about the animals you take home. It's about the time spent with family and the people you love. It's about making the memories that you will carry with you for the rest of your life. It's about the whole experience, from the time you decide to chase a dream to the time it comes to conclusion. That is what keeps us coming back for more and that is why we continue to dream of the next adventure.



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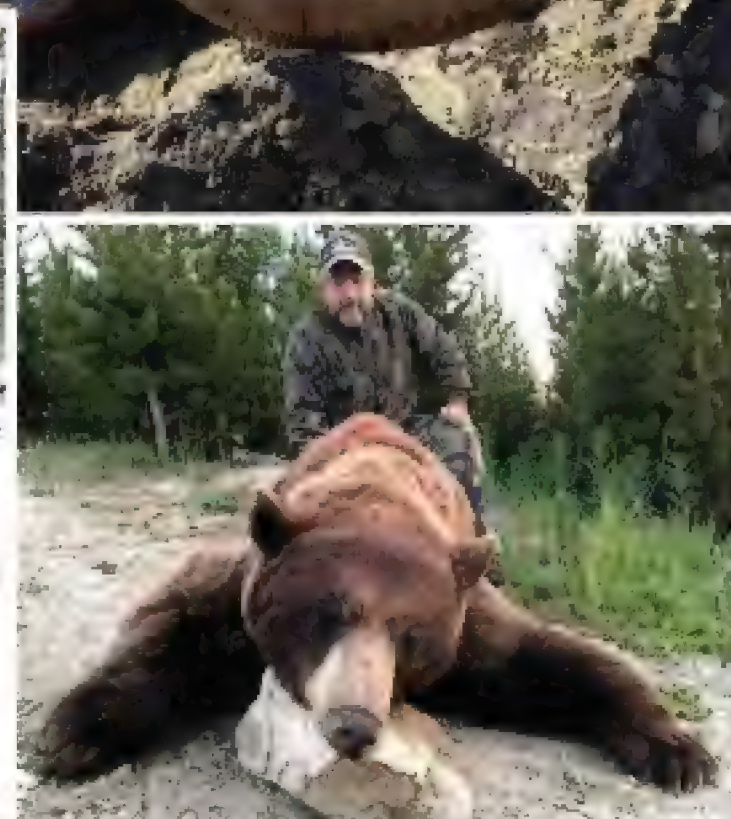
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A scenic mountain landscape with a river, forest, and a dog in the foreground. The background features a large, rugged mountain peak under a blue sky with scattered white clouds. The middle ground is a dense green forest. In the foreground, a river flows, with a dog standing in the water. The dog is a black and white speckled breed with a red collar, looking towards the left. A large, fallen log lies across the river. The title 'Anything BOYS Can Do...' is written in a large, white, serif font across the upper part of the image. Below the title, the author's name 'by Isabelle Colaiezzi' is written in a smaller, white, serif font. A paragraph of text is located in the lower left, and the page number '37' is in the bottom right corner.

Anything BOYS Can Do...

by Isabelle Colaiezzi

As a young female, I am not the stereotypical hunter. Many people have underestimated my abilities and questioned whether I could keep up with the physical demands of big game hunting. This only added fuel to my fire, making me want to prove them wrong.

As a graduation present, my grandfather decided to take my cousin Josh and me to British Columbia to hunt bear. He had hunted with Doug McMann and Skinner Creek Hunts before when he accompanied his two brothers on their quest for bear as told in his *Mountain Hunter*™ article, *Never Too Old for Your First Hunt* (Spring 2017). He'd enjoyed his experience with Doug so much that he decided to take Josh and me to British Columbia for that same first experience that his brothers had.

June 21st was the day I had been waiting for. With my grandparents and Josh, I boarded the first flight of the day on our way to British Columbia. Curled up in the middle seat, I tried to imagine what the next few days held in store for me. With the overwhelming agenda that came with graduating high school and preparing for college, I hadn't had much time to really think about this trip. I had hunted boar and alligator on a hunt the previous summer, but a bear hunt seemed to be a whole different challenge and in my mind, this was to be my first big game hunt.

I have my grandfather to thank for my passion for hunting. Growing up in the suburbs of Pennsylvania, hunting was something that none of my immediate family or friends participated in. However, my grandfather is a seasoned big game hunter as well as an active member and contributor to both SCI and NRA. It was he who had taught me everything I knew – and that was no easy task – starting with the basics: the difference between a rifle, pistol, and shotgun. And it was he who took me on my first hunt for geese on his property. The night before I was to take my Hunter Safety Test, he'd stayed up all night tutoring me. He'd printed out and explained the ENTIRE manual word for word. He never gave up or got frustrated with my lack of knowledge. Thanks to his efforts, I went on to score a proud 100% on the test!

As a young female, I am not the stereotypical hunter. Many people have underestimated my abilities and questioned whether I could keep up with the physical demands of big game hunting. This only added fuel to my fire, making me want to prove them wrong. Thus, begins my story.

We arrived in B.C. and met our guide, Doug. He appeared to have no reservations about my hunting abilities because of my gender. He has a daughter my age who hunts, and he seemed to understand the commitments and activities that kept me from pursuing hunting as a regular activity in my life. As a very competitive student athlete, it's often been difficult to find time for hunting in between practices and exams.

After four VERY early mornings of hunting, we were still bear-less and starting to lose hope. By this time Josh and I had almost become experts at spotting bear tracks and identifying bear scat. The problem was, the only bear we had treed was too small. On that day, however, we saw our first mature boar: a beautiful cinnamon-colored bear. After a fairly extensive downhill hike, Josh shot the bear, and we made the trek back





to the truck with backpacks full of meat.

Then it was my turn. With only one day left, time was running out. We hunted that evening...then again in the morning. No luck. We only had one more full day left at camp and my last opportunity was the afternoon hunt on Wednesday the 28th. After a little rest, both us and the dogs were rejuvenated and ready to hunt. It was as if we were all on the same page. Doug asked me to pick my lucky spot, and I chose one of the further public land plots we had visited. I needed a change of scenery. Almost immediately upon our arrival, the dogs picked up a wind strike. However, they just couldn't seem to track down the trail once they were down on the ground. With dogs reloaded, we drove some more. Then suddenly, the truck screeched to a halt as the dogs howled in unison. By the way they were barking, we knew that they had found a fresh trail. We rushed to let the dogs out of the truck, and they were on the ground and out of sight within seconds. We grabbed the radar to keep track of the dogs. They were all headed in the same direction, traveling in a pack. This could only mean one

thing: they were chasing a bear! We listened for their barks, now faint in the distance. All we could do now was wait for further information.

After what felt like hours, the dogs finally settled in the same place – meaning they had a bear treed. We scrambled to grab our things before we headed off into the woods after the dogs. My grandpa, who had been sitting in the truck behind me, called out to ask how far the bear was from the truck, wondering if he would be able to walk through the uneven terrain. Doug concluded that the bear was approximately 300 yards away – not far, but surely not close either. Regardless, my grandfather decided to take the risk and come along. He didn't want to miss this moment.

What we saw up in the tree was a truly miraculous sight: a large black bear sat hidden in the branches, and boy, was he angry! The dogs howled with excitement, proud of themselves for their valiant work. They jumped and scrambled to try to climb the tree to reach the bear. Whenever they got too close, he would reach down and swat them on the nose, knocking them out of place. We circled the tree

several times, looking for an area that provided the clearest view of the bear. But there wasn't one. The thick brush and multitude of branches denied visibility. We realized that this bear was not going to come down easily, and that one shot from a poor angle would most likely not kill him. Nevertheless, Doug helped me locate the shoulder of the bear, and I took my shot, prepared for whatever might happen next.

BANG! But the bear did not fall out of the tree. Instead he climbed even further up. My shot had hit half an inch low, thus puncturing one, but not both of the lungs. I would have to shoot him again. BANG! My second shot was right to the chest – and still nothing dropped out of the tree! A steady and low moan came from the bear as he took his last breath. We watched with anticipation, backing away from the tree in expectancy. One minute passed...then another.

"Not again!" my grandpa exclaimed. The same fluke incident had happened when his older brother shot his bear – it was stuck in the tree! Afraid of possible injuries, my grandparents were reluctant to allow my cousin or me to climb the tree. The ever-helpful Doug shimmied his way up in our place and gave the bear a mighty shove. It hit the ground with a loud THUD. My mind was racing a mile a minute as all my pent-up nervousness began to dissolve. I didn't care that I was getting eaten alive by mosquitoes or that I would soon have to drag this 300-pound bear more than 300 yards through the woods. In that moment, all I felt was pride. This was something that I worked for, something I'd earned. This experience required me to have patience, hope, and trust and it had all paid off on that last day with the harvest of this beautiful 6-foot black bear.





I am eternally grateful to my grandparents for giving me this once in a lifetime adventure. Throughout this experience, both my grandparents and Doug offered ongoing support and encouragement. They taught me, challenged me, and showed great respect for me even though I was young, inexperienced in bear hunting, and a female in a predominately male sport. I hope to someday be able to introduce other young females to the wonderful world of hunting in the same way that my grandfather did.

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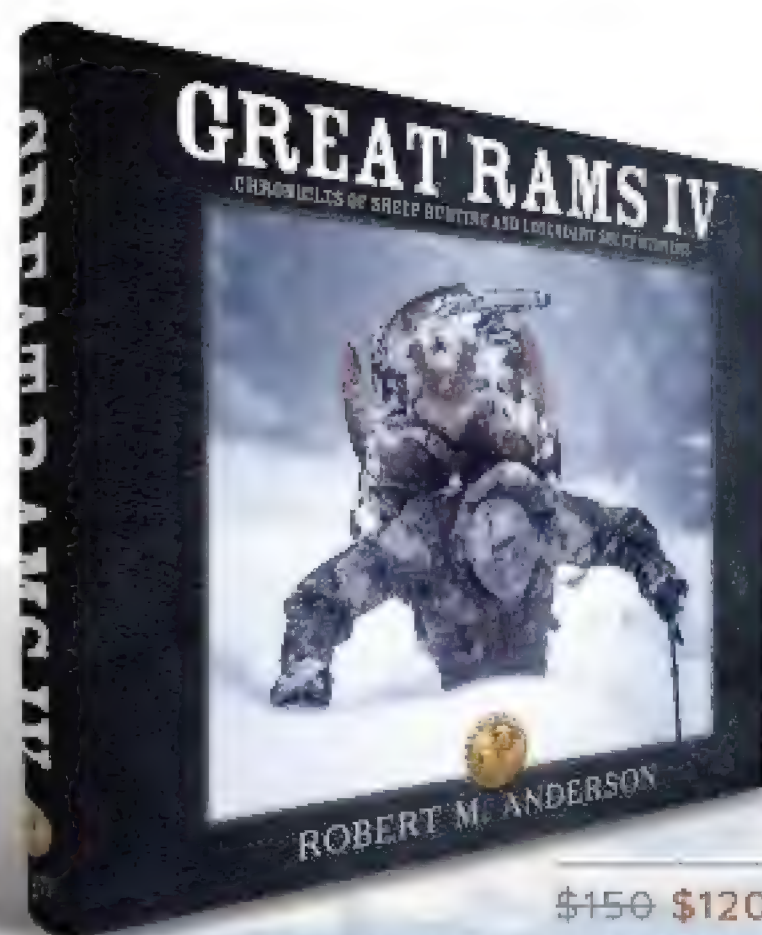
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CONSERVATION MATTERS™

with Shane Mahoney

THE END OF THE TRAIL

The extinction of the northern white rhino was greeted with a deafening, and disturbing, silence.

Shane Mahoney is considered to be one of the leading international authorities on wildlife conservation. A rare combination of historian, scientist, and philosopher, he brings a unique perspective to wildlife issues that has motivated and inspired audiences around the world. Named one of the 10 Most Influential Canadian Conservationists by Outdoor Canada Magazine and nominated for Person of the Year by Outdoor Life Magazine, he has received numerous awards including the Public Service Award of Excellence from the government of Newfoundland and Labrador and International Conservationist of the Year from Safari Club International. Born and raised in Newfoundland, he brings to his writings and lectures a profound commitment to rural societies and the sustainable use of natural resources, including fish and wildlife.

Thank you to *Sports Afield* for permission to reprint this article.

On March 19, 2018, Sudan, one of only three northern white rhinoceroses, the last male captured and removed from the wild, and the last male of his subspecies, died. At the age of forty-five, suffering from age-related complications and unable to stand or eat, he was euthanized at the Ol Pejeta Conservancy in Kenya, where he had spent the last nine years of his life under the watch of a full-time armed guard. Unlike the death of the Zimbabwean lion, Cecil, which was covered by global media for months on end, Sudan's death made few headlines; a subdued outcry that came too late to save an entire subspecies.

Historically, the northern white rhino, one of two subspecies of the white rhinoceros, ranged over parts of Uganda, South Sudan, the Central African Republic, the Democratic Republic of the Congo (DRC), and into Chad. As recently as 1960, northern white rhinos numbered more than 2,000 animals. However, by 1984, escalated poaching and illegal trade in rhino horn, combined with armed conflicts in the DRC and South Sudan, had devastated wild populations, reducing the subspecies to just fifteen animals. In 2006, the last four known individuals were sighted in Garamba National Park, DRC, and by 2008, it was generally accepted that the subspecies had become extinct in the wild.

At that time, there were two northern white rhinos in captivity at the San Diego Zoo and six at the Dvůr Králové Zoo in the Czech Republic. In 2009, four animals, thought to be fertile, were moved from Dvůr Králové Zoo to Ol Pejeta conservancy in Kenya, where it was hoped the more natural conditions would stimulate breeding. The other four remaining captive individuals were too old to reproduce. Between 2011 and 2015, these four older animals died, as did one of two males from the group relocated to Kenya. This left the male known as Sudan in the company of his daughter, Najin, and granddaughter, Fatu. Only these two females remain now, neither of them in perfect health, or able to carry a pregnancy to term.

Thus, the northern white rhino is now functionally extinct. They are what scientists sometimes refer to as “the living dead,” and many of their related kind may soon follow. Three of the world’s five rhino species (Indian, Javan, and Sumatran) are now critically endangered, meaning they, too, have an extremely high risk of extinction. If the northern whites can disappear, what reasonable expectation can we have that these other rhino species will not follow? How many more of their “living dead” will we soon acknowledge?

The question invites reflection on why such tragedies occur. Indeed, such phrasing might have been used to describe the predicament of another famous and named animal, Martha, the last known passenger pigeon. Martha died at the Cincinnati Zoo on September 1, 1914. Incredibly, just twenty-five years prior to Martha’s demise, the passenger pigeon was thought to have been the most numerous bird on earth, with a population minimally estimated at five billion individuals. Its range extended throughout the primary forests of eastern North America and as far west as Montana and Texas, with breeding colonies as far north as Hudson Bay. Flocks were comprised of millions of individuals and their flights darkened the skies as an eclipse, driving a powerful wind before them and deafening the air to all other sounds. Yet, with astonishing speed, Martha and her species had blinked out of existence, forever lost to nature and humanity both.

Martha’s death, too, made headlines, a full century before Sudan’s did. What, if anything, have we learned? Looking back, Martha’s death was a wake-up call, and became an enduring symbol of humanity’s relentless impact on the natural world. Indeed, the outrage over the passenger pigeon’s loss is remembered as a galvanizing moment in the history of North American conservation. This movement was to give rise to a diverse assemblage of citizen groups committed to preventing the next Martha. Their battle cry was “never again!” Prominent among these groups were the recreational hunters who celebrated the wise use of wildlife

and denounced over-exploitation. These hunters also came to represent a powerful voice in a much wider conservation context, their membership committed to national parks and wildlife refuges and wilderness areas, as well as sustainable wildlife harvesting. The conservation principles they espoused would eventually extend well beyond the political and geographic boundaries of the continent.

Today, North American hunters should stand as the realized dream of those who learned too late but, nevertheless, noted the extinction of the passenger pigeon and vowed not to let it happen again. But where, since the time of Martha, has the hunting community been on the entire issue of endangered species and wildlife loss, globally or at home? Where, indeed, was the hunting community in 1996 when the IUCN Red List declared the northern white rhinoceros Critically Endangered? Where was the hunting community in 2004 when extinction of this sub-species loomed on the horizon? Did North American hunters, at some point, post-Martha, stop caring about wildlife generally and come to care only about those species that are, or can be, hunted? The hunting community is pretty vocal about hunting opportunities lost or imperiled, but what about wildlife itself? These are questions hunters will soon answer, or society at large will answer for them.

The loss of the northern white rhino is all the more disturbing because it was avoidable. We had plenty of warning and we knew poaching and the illegal trade in rhino horn, habitat loss, and human conflicts were all contributing factors. Despite our knowledge, we simply did not do enough to prevent the northern white rhino’s demise. The damage has been done now, and perhaps we are saddened by the northern white rhino’s fate, but where was our concern when it might have mattered? Have hunters, a century after North America’s conservation awakening, decided that extinction of wildlife species is merely the price of human progress? If so, the conservation awakening for hunters was not one that lasted.

Najin and Fatu - the last two Northern White Rhinos





The Indian Rhino is “critically endangered”

Hunters will never really be accepted as conservationists if we exhibit concern only for those animals classed as “game,” or “trophies.” Furthermore, we will not be viewed as conservationists if we choose to only invest in efforts to restore or conserve wildlife populations so they may be hunted. We are not conservationists if we remain unmoved and unmotivated by the conservation failure that has resulted in the functional extinction of the northern white rhino. We are not conservationists if we can stand by in silence and watch the extinction of a species – any species – occur in our lifetime, without feeling a sense of loss and a call to action.

The extinction of the passenger pigeon was not just a wake-up call, but a cautionary tale, reminding us that any species, no matter how numerous or iconic, can be imperiled. How accurate this warning has proven to be. Yet, today, the loss of wild species is proceeding at an unprecedented and accelerating pace worldwide. Perhaps the very commonness of extinction is setting a new baseline we are willing to accept. If so, then our conservation hopes, defined and spurred by wildlife losses in North America a century ago, will be shattered.

The death of the last male northern white rhino and the tragic loss of so many other unique wildlife forms should represent a new beginning, an opportunity for hunters to rise and show the world that we really do care about all wildlife and to reestablish our broad credentials for conservation. Joining this fight for natural diversity worldwide is one of the best ways the hunting community can demonstrate its reputation for selfless advocacy and limit justified criticism of its far more frequently demonstrated promotion of vested interest. We cannot take on every issue, nor do we need to deny our focus on hunted species. What we can do, however, is financially and otherwise support programs for endangered species, including those we will never hunt. Unfortunately, we have many from which to choose. Perhaps, using Sudan as our motivation, we could start with his critically endangered cousins, and support existing conservation programs for the Javan and Sumatran rhinoceroses, before they, too, become the “living dead.”

The Guide Outfitters Association of British Columbia (GOABC) wishes to create a fundamental shift among hunters from caring about hunting to caring about all wildlife. Ranchers care about cattle and anglers care about fish, but hunters are concerned for all animals and their well-being. Hunters must be committed to the responsible use of wildlife resources and passionate about preserving a diversity of wildlife species. GOABC is a strong supporter of the North American Wildlife Conservation Model, which stipulates that law and science should manage wildlife. This model is the result of hunters and anglers who were dedicated to conservation. As anti-hunting pressure becomes louder, it becomes increasingly important to continue and enhance the legacy of the hunter-conservationist.

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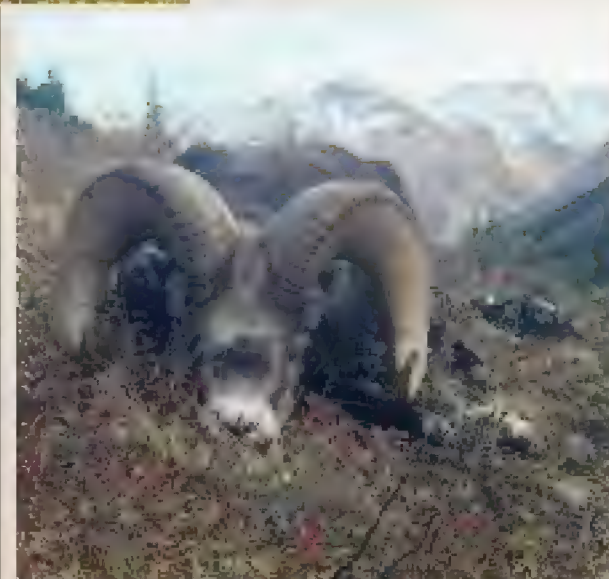
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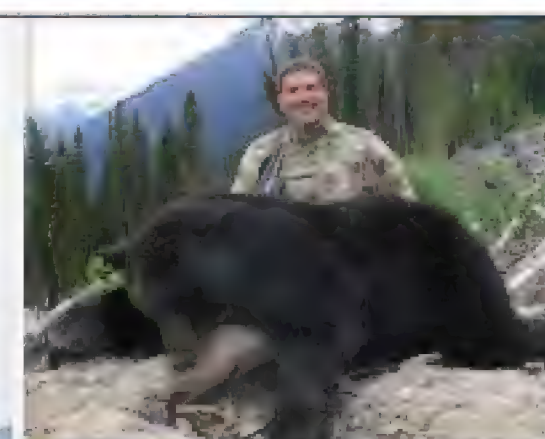


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THE .30-30 BULL

by Dave Fenn

My fascination with moose started at a young age after I wrote a seventh-grade term paper about them.

That was the same year I shot my first black tail buck at age 11 using my brand-new model 94 Winchester .30-30. It was many years later before I was able to go on my first moose hunt. I thought it would be an exciting challenge to shoot a moose with the trusty Model 94. Alas, it did not happen...that time.

So, on some of my subsequent trips, I carried the .30-30, but was never successful, instead having to use a borrowed gun to bag a bull moose. Most guides and outfitters are not thrilled with the idea of using a lighter duty gun with less range.

I have had the great good fortune to go on several moose hunting trips to The Great North of Canada. On my second trip with Widrig Outfitters in the Yukon, another hunter's guide was very excited that I would try and get a moose with that .30-30. The situation did not present itself on that occasion, so I used another rifle to bag both a nice moose and mountain caribou.

The following September, my hunting partner Chuck and I were back on the road to the Yukon to hunt again with Chris Widrig. I had my trusty .30-30 onboard, with my vintage Springfield .30-06 as backup. Being from Washington, we are near enough to drive up and take a freezer to bring home meat. The drive is always spectacular, especially with the fall colors. Some of the drives north have been an adventure in themselves, but not this one. The float plane flight from Whitehorse to Bonnet Plume Lake was spectacular, taking us into the true wilderness. It takes Chris' crew a week to trail the horses back out to their winter home at the end of the season.

Upon landing on Bonnet Plume Lake, we unloaded the plane and met our guides. To my delight, my guide would be Gerald



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The horses take extra time but they make the whole adventure possible. Mountain horses are something special and Chris has a fine string.



Bahm, the same guide that had been excited for me to try and shoot a moose with the .30-30 the year before. Fly days are non-hunting days in the Yukon, so the next day the horses were packed, and we headed for spike camp.

Our group consisted of me, guide Gerald, hunting partner Chuck, his guide Phillip (Gerald's uncle) and wrangler Andrew (Phillip's grandson). Phillip is a life-time resident of the Yukon, having hunted, trapped and guided there his whole life. It was fascinating to listen to the stories of his experiences and a special treat to spend 10 days in a wilderness hunting camp with three generations of a Yukon family steeped in wilderness traditions.

Widrig hunts are true wilderness adventures, sleeping in tents and cooking over an open fire. I even learned to drink coffee boiled in a pot over that open fire. The next day after enjoying breakfast and saddling the horses, we rode off in the direction of where I had shot a bull on the first morning of my first trip with Chris Widrig. We stopped on the same ridge top where I had spotted that bull.

There was a very light snow on the brush, so we could easily see trails where moose had traveled, knocking the snow off the brush as they moved. We rode in that direction, stopping on ridges to glass. We spotted several moose including a bull with two cows near the bottom of one of the mountains. They were on a hillside covered with willow and buckbrush. Well, almost everything there was covered with willow and buckbrush up to 10 feet tall. We were able to get into a creek



bottom and ride fairly close to the moose.

Gerald and I had decided that if we could get close enough to a nice moose, I would use the .30-30, but if there was a real monster too far away, he would also have the .30-06 for me to use to get the job done.

The area above the creek was a series of smaller ridges and gullies. After tying the horses, we worked our way to a vantage point where we could see the hillside. No moose! We moved around a ridge to the gully right below the hillside, thinking maybe they had bedded, and we would be able to see them. I looked behind us and there was a small bull only about 50 yards away looking right at us. He gave us an almost questioning grunt, unlike the usual tone of a big bull. It was like he was asking, "Who are you?" After a couple minutes, he actually jumped a little and turned and left. He must have winded us.

Not seeing the other moose, we worked our way up a ridge just opposite the hillside where the moose were supposed to be, thinking we might see into the brush if they were bedded. While we were watching, we heard something and turned to again see the small bull quite near, giving us the eye and grunting. He still hadn't figured out what we were. About that time, a cow stood up on the opposite hillside where we had first seen the big bull, but he was not with her. It is amazing how an animal that large can be hidden in the open. I consider moose to be the Ghosts of the Great North. They can disappear in a flash.

The young bull took immediate notice of the cow with no big bull nearby and made a beeline for her, grunting with every step. As he got near, he gave her the sniff test, with his tongue licking his lips (trying not to be too crude here). She gave the low nasal whine of a cow and walked away with him in close pursuit. They went over the hill with her calling and him right behind her, grunting and slobbering with every step. Gerald said she wasn't calling, but telling him to get lost because he wasn't good enough. This was a unique show only seen on a moose hunt during the rut.

We decided to move up the ridge in front of us to see if maybe the bull had gone that way. We had not moved very far when Gerald spotted the bull with two cows two ridges over. Gerald cow called and the bull responded. We could see him start down into the first bottom coming towards us, grunting as he came. Then he and the grunting stopped. He did not respond to more calls.

With the bull stopped, we decided to try moving towards him. There was no way to move quietly through the 8-foot-tall willow and alpine birch, so Gerald grunted as we moved, trying to make like another bull. It worked! The bull started grunting and working his way to the ridge opposite us, eventually moving up to an open spot about 80 yards away then stopping. Having a 1,500-pound animal nine or 10 feet tall at the top of its 5-foot-wide antlers grunting and pushing through the brush towards you is a unique and exhilarating experience.



Several years ago, I'd put a peep-sight on the .30-30. At a reasonable range, they are quite deadly, even freehand. I raised the .30-30, aimed for the heart/lung spot just behind the shoulder and fired. As moose guides are wont to do, Gerald said, "Hit him again." I fired three more times. The bull still had not taken a step since the first shot.

"I think he's done, but you could give him another one," Gerald remarked. So I did.

Moose don't collapse, they tip over, which this one did, rolling once downhill until his antlers stuck in the ground. Gerald looked at me and said, "I think he was dead after the first shot."

Then he said with a big smile, "We should have had this on film." I heartily agreed. The whole experience with the little bull walking up to us, the cow hidden in brush right in front of us, the little guy trying to be amorous with her, finding the big bull, calling, crashing toward him and getting him to come to us was as good as anything you would ever see on a hunting show. Even better for me as I was there with as great a guide

as you could ever want to hunt with. Goal achieved for both of us.

Then, as guides are also wont to say, the real work began. We skinned and boned. Those five shots were in a line about a foot long, right behind the shoulder. As it should be, the Yukon requires all meat be taken out of the bush. We returned the next day with Andrew and three pack horses to move the meat to the end of the lake for Chris to fly back to base camp where it would be hung in the meat house. Plenty of good eating to take home in the freezer.

A word about the horses. It would be near impossible to hunt the Bonnet Plume and much of the Yukon on foot. The terrain, the bogs, the brush, and the mountains are a challenge, even on horseback. Think of packing an animal that requires three horses to move. The horses take extra time, but they make the whole adventure possible. Mountain horses are something special and Chris has a fine string.

The rest of the hunt was spent looking for a caribou. In the process, we got close to a nice bull moose that had one antler



This hunt in the Yukon may be at the top of my list.

broken off. Two other bulls heard us riding through the brush and came running to see what we were. They apparently had not been lucky in love to that point. Those close encounters are exciting, especially when the guide starts yelling at the moose that he is close enough.

We saw one large bull caribou at the very top of the mountains, too far so late in the day. On the way back to camp we got close to a young caribou that was a great miniature trophy. He had back scratchers, bez, double shovels and nice tops. Only problem was his antlers were about two-thirds the size of a real trophy, so we left him to grow up. On our way back to base camp, we came across a decent bull standing in the water at the end of the lake. Gerald thought wolves had probably been chasing him and he was ready to go swimming to escape the wolves. After consideration, we decided to let him grow some more also.

I like to flatter myself and say I have become a hunter, not just a shooter. Hunting is more than killing an animal. Being in the outdoors, whether close to home or in faraway places, finding your quarry – whether you shoot or just watch – and

doing it with good friends is so very special. Besides the experience of the hunt, I love wild meat. This hunt in the Yukon may be at the top of my list.

I thought at my age I might be done with horseback hunts, but I will be going back another time with Chris Widrig Outfitting. He does a wonderful job and the Yukon is special. It's hard to explain why I find moose hunting in faraway places so fascinating. It might be similar to why people climb mountains – because it's there. Indescribable. It leaves me with memories I will cherish the rest of my time. To have finally gotten that bull with the same .30-30 rifle I used to get that first deer as a boy is a memory I cherish. And having been able to do that in the Yukon with Chris Widrig as outfitter, Gerald as guide, Chuck as hunting partner, and in the same camp with Phil and Andrew, was as good as it gets.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

You can reach Widrig Outfitters at 1-867-393-3802 or visit their website at www.widrigoutfitters.com



Tammy Wood

Sossy Outdoors

Tammy Wood is a wild game and seafood chef, author, and international huntress. When her husband of 18 years was killed in a workplace accident, she was left with their five children and a sixth on the way. It was then that she began to hunt to feed her family – and her love of wild game cooking blossomed. She competed in Master Chef Canada, finishing in the top ten before publishing her first recipe collection, *The Venison Cookbook*. She's a contributor to the food editorial in *BC Outdoors Magazine*, is a Pro Staffer for Cabela's Canada, and is an ambassador for Browning Firearms. Her TV show, *Sossy Outdoors*, will air on the Canadian Sportsmen Channel starting January 2020. She loves welcoming newcomers, youth and women to the outdoor lifestyle and participates on the board of SCI West Coast, and presents on sportsman show stages across BC and beyond.



FAIR CHASE Kitchen

Deer season is one of my favourite times of the year. This season I went on a solo hunt and was fortunate to get a nice buck for the family.

As is customary at our home, our harvest is hung from a large willow tree on our property. If the kids see my truck by the willow, they come running because they know what's there!

I was humbled and blessed to have been successful but also learned that a solo hunt is a TON of work! Yet, I always enjoy pushing my limitations and finding physical strength I didn't know I possessed. I hunt most often in my region due to family and time restrictions. It is full of thick timber and rainforest-style undergrowth, making for a tough hunt. But, when patient, it certainly pays off.

Deer meat is so versatile! It can be used in so many recipes – the sky's the limit. This season, I decided to keep more of the organs to create different recipes that I had the pleasure of trying when I was hunting in Sweden. The Sami people, otherwise known as "Laplanders," make an amazing smoked meat called guorpi. The heart, liver, lungs, meat and fat are ground together, seasoned with just salt and pepper. The mixture is then wrapped in the stomach lacing and cold smoked for 18 hours. When finished, the lacing is removed and the guorpi is sliced, pan fried and served with a Swedish hot rock flat bread lathered in butter. With my buck, I created

this blend, and plan to complete the process in the very near future! The more I can make out of my harvest, the better I feel. And it's nice to show the kids that nothing needs to go to waste.

Wherever you are and whatever your hunting seasons, I wish you the best of luck. Remember to follow me on Facebook or Instagram for unique recipes and to contact me with any questions about your wild game cooking!



Asian Venison Endive Boats

- 2-4 tbsp basil olive oil (from *All of Oils*)
- 1 cup carrot, finely diced
- 1 cup mushrooms, finely diced
- 1 cup onions, finely diced
- 1 can water chestnuts, finely diced
- 2 tbsp crushed garlic
- 2 tbsp crushed ginger
- 2 cups ground venison
- 2 cups ground pork
- 4 endives, separated and washed (you can also use head lettuce)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Water as needed for steaming
- ½ cup chopped cilantro
- 1 lime, sliced into wedges

Hoisin Sauce:

- 4 tbsp soy sauce
- 2 tbsp peanut butter
- 1 tsp molasses
- 2 tsp rice wine vinegar
- 2 tsp toasted Japanese sesame oil (from *All of Oils*)
- 1 tsp Chinese hot sauce

Method of Preparation

Add carrot, onion and mushrooms to a hot skillet with olive oil. Sauté until onion becomes translucent and carrot is soft to the bite. I add a bit of water, cover and steam for a few minutes to speed up this process. Just make sure the water is evaporated. Once cooked, add garlic, ginger, water chestnuts, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well and set aside in a bowl.

Blend the venison and pork well together. If you have fatty deer meat, you can use just venison; however, if the deer is lean, cut in with the pork for added fat.


Add meat to the hot skillet and brown well, adding salt and pepper to taste as needed. When well cooked, add the vegetable mix and blend well.


In a separate pot over medium heat, add peanut butter and sesame oil and whisk until well blended. Slowly add the molasses, hot sauce and rice wine vinegar. Don't panic if it looks separated; as it heats up it will blend creating a silky Hoisin sauce. If you wish to lather your meat mixture with this sauce, just double the recipe! Any extra sauce can be stored in your fridge for at least two weeks. Scrape your sauce into the meat mixture and blend well.

To separate each endive, chop off the end and separate the leaves. As you get closer to the end, you will have to continue to cut the end as the leaves get smaller. I like to place them side by side on a flat plate to help keep them upright. You can also trim the bottom of each endive leaf to help them lay flat.

Spoon the meat mixture into your endive and garnish with cilantro and a few lime wedges for added acidity and flavour. Enjoy!



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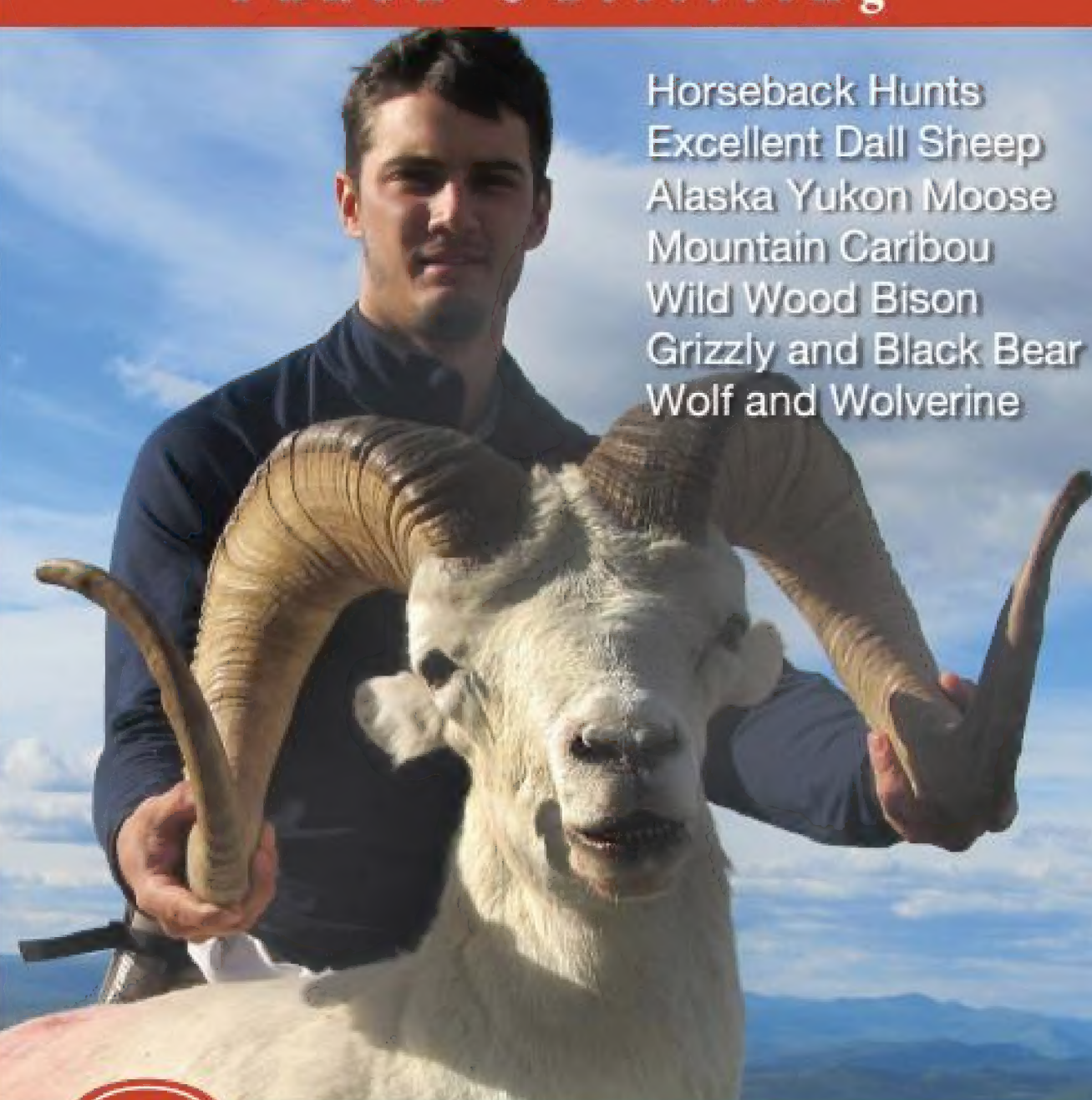
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Michael Sabbeth is a lawyer, author & consultant in Denver, Colorado. See his book *The Good, The Bad & The Difference: How to Talk with Children About Values*. Available at Amazon.com <http://tinyurl.com/c5flmmu> Now available as a Kindle EBook.

It's Natural! Skills to Refute a Deceitful Anti-Hunting Argument

A few weeks ago, a person asked what I planned to talk about at a forthcoming hunting seminar. "Hunting's contribution to animal conservation," I replied. An example to support my position was the Dallas Safari Club's auction of a black rhino hunt in Namibia. "Hunting," I explained, "has led to the enrichment of many wild game species. The black rhino hunt will raise money for clean water projects, increase funding for anti-poaching enforcement and, significantly, hunt a mature non-reproducing male *that had already killed five young rhinos*."

Thinking my pro-hunting argument was beyond refutation, I recalled this statement by Sir Francis Bacon made in 1597: *Ipsa scientia potestas est*, which is Latin for "Knowledge itself is power." If only!

This person responded, saying: "Humans should not interfere with animals' lives. It's against Nature."

My power drained away as if trying to hold water in barbed wire. This response is, regrettably, common, and illustrates what I call the Bambification of Nature. Many people have a tendency, and some have a psychological need, to harbor an idealized but thoroughly irrational view of Nature. Nature is not the grizzly bear roaming collegially with the fawn, waiting for a dinner of organic non-GMO tofu and steamed broccoli. Nature is dominant animals killing weaker animals; it is disease, starvation and injuries. Nature is a rough neighborhood. Hunters know this reality.

Note that resorting to the abstraction of Nature to oppose hunting is a very selective invocation. Indeed, doing so is a lie. Cancer is natural; tooth decay is natural; hatred is natural; war is natural. Yet, this person, when confronted by aspects of Nature, tends to fight unceasingly to undo or constrain Nature. My opponent would spend, no doubt, a fortune, and preferably someone else's money, to gain medical help to stave off what is totally Natural.



Many people derive a sense of moral superiority by extolling an idealistic view of Nature. Idealism can be, however, devastating. The eminent psychoanalyst Carl Gustav Jung said, "Every form of addiction is bad, whether the narcotic be alcohol or morphine or idealism." Idealism has killed more humans than any other inspiration. It also kills wild game animals.

Another aspect of the illogical resort to Nature to oppose hunting is the destructive power that derives from the word. As with the phrase "trophy hunting," the word Nature is used to shut down all discussion; to drown out all disagreement. Merely state the word and all decency lines up with the speaker and all unnatural actions and all indecency is heaped upon the pro-hunter. Accusing someone as "against Nature" is powerful. Rebounding from such an attack is difficult. Refuting the attack requires skill and a command of the facts. That's not easy.

The anti-hunting attack based on the claim that human engagement with animals is against Nature can be refuted easily in at least three ways.

One - the charge is false: humans are part of Nature and, like other species, have influenced the lives and deaths of wild game for tens of thousands of years.

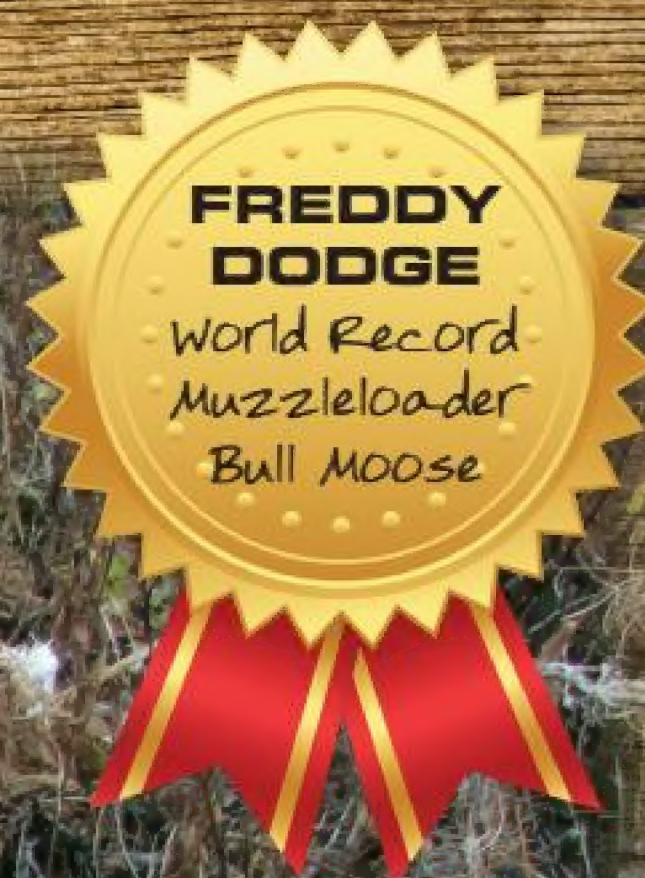
Two - the rhetorical use of the word Nature is deceitful and inconsistent, used and ignored when convenient.

Three - no one believes and acts consistent with what they are saying. Take a look at how they act when they get cancer or need dental work.

Suddenly, Nature is no moral standard at all.

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